

What a bright and blessed hope that is! Why be discouraged then, dear leader and co-worker, if others do not take as active a part as you would like, or if they are not all present every Sabbath? Remember God's promises. Remember the words of Solomon, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver." We need but do our best and God will bless the effort. Lord Shaftesbury, just before his death, said, "During a long life, I have proved that not one kind word ever spoken, not one kind deed ever done, but sooner or later, returns to bless the giver and becomes a chain binding men with golden bands to the throne of God."

Another safeguard against discouragement is to refrain from talking of little troubles that have no cure. The more they are paraded in open daylight the greater they do become. They are wrinkle inducers and frown instigators, besides being a rebellion against what cannot be helped. Worry clouds the eyes and destroys gentleness of manner; while without worry, the eyes are brighter, the voice is sweeter and much is added to one's beauty and influence. Talk faith, not doubt. Talk health, not malady. Don't blast your own happiness and that of others by worrying over the inevitable, by telling all the bad and discouraging things you hear or ever did hear. We do hear of much that is bad, but let us thank God that there is a great and ever-increasing good in this world, that "the world today is better than it ever was before." Thru the newspaper, we hear all about the man that went home on Saturday night and unmercifully beat his wife; but we hear nothing of the ninety and nine who went home and kissed their wives.

The following words received from a Christian brother express our sentiments. He said, "I believe the world is ever growing better and that the day is coming when 'the earth shall be full of His knowledge and glory as the waters that cover the sea.' Let us hope on and on to that day. Should not such a hope encourage us? There is a sunny side to every soul. Let us seek to find it. For it is the goodness you are looking for in others that will fill your own life, and the man who is looking for this, and who is trusting God all the time cannot help being an optimist."

And again, would we be so apt to become discouraged when little troubles come to us if we would stop and think what great and numberless sorrows, and troubles and trials our Savior suffered for us. No, we would glory in it as did Paul. For our God who is love will not lay on us a needless load. That wondrous love which "spared not His own son" can be trusted in our darkest hours. When we realize the value of the indwelling Christ-love, we will not be so easily discouraged, neither will we lack the interest necessary to cause us to do our duty to the church and to ourselves.

Let us trust more fully than ever before. Let us aim the arrow of our lives straight at

a shining mark of nobility, usefulness and attainment. Let us remember that

"Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so."

Let us bury discouragement and revive our hope. Let us "whistle to the steeds of time, to make them jog on merrily with life's burdens, and not be dead weights hanging on the wheels." Let us keep ever before us in the upper sky this glorious signal of the Apostle Paul, "All things work together for good to them that love God."

Ashland College.

The Christian Life

Wings Like a Dove

(Suggested by the death of a young collegian, and his wish: "O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.")

Patient I lie on this earthly strand
Waiting the call to a better land
My couch of pain is a couch of prayer,
And sweetly I lean on Jesus there.
When He no longer bids me stay,
I shall take wings and fly away.

Wings I have had in other times
To bear me o'er seas, thru foreign climes;
To breathe the balm of Southern bowers,
Or the ruder breeze where Blue Ridge towers.
They have borne me now to the nest of home,
Never again on earth to roam.

Once with gladness I looked on life;
Once would borne my part in the strife;
The dream is ended, the hope is gone,
But hope of a nobler life lives on.
What my Lord wills I know is best;
I shall take wings and be at rest.

Steady and strong my chums march on;
I from their ranks have dropped and gone—
They to the battlefield of life,
I to the land that knows no strife.
For them the toil and the weight of years;
For me the wings and the shining spheres.

So on the hills of Beulah Land
I wait with my loved ones, hand in hand;
In converse sweet we here abide
Till the message comes from the other side;
Then, cumbered no more by weary clay,
I shall take wings and fly away.

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The Sabbath dawned in a dreary rain
That, sobbing, fell on the windowpane;
There were answering tears in the silent room
From eyes that looked thro' the lessening gloom
At a form that now in quiet lay;
He had taken wings and flown away.

William H. Coleman, in The New York Observer.

JOY IN A LIFE OF TRUST

ALMA HARDMAN

There was a time, in the history of our forefathers, when it was considered a sin to laugh in church and when any demonstration of joy in religion was thought out of place. There may be a few people yet to whom the expression, "Trust in God," suggests a death-bed but nearly all Christians realize that religion is for the present, as well as the future and it is not a subject for sadness, but for rejoicing. In times when our natural surroundings are pleasant and make us happy, trust in God only increases that happiness, and only those who have experienced it,

know how much comfort that trust affords when sadness comes.

Christ wants his people to be joyful. He told them to rejoice when they were hated and reproached and cast out for the Son of man's sake, and we read that the apostles rejoiced, "That they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name." Jesus says, "These things have I spoken unto you that your joy might be full." At that sad time when Jesus was telling his little band of devoted followers that he would have to leave them, and when he knew what disappointment and suffering his death would cause them, he said to them, "If ye loved me ye would rejoice because I said I go to the Father." If we are taught to rejoice at such times as this there is surely no time in our lives when we should not rejoice.

By joy, in this paper is meant not the light, passing gayety which the world calls joy, but real joy—that deep abiding result of a life "Hid with Christ in God." So deep does this joy lie that no change in our environments can ruffle it, and so abiding that nothing—not even satan—can take it away. It comes when the hungry soul finds its God and it keeps growing until it is made perfect at Christ's coming.

The Christian's joy is the joy of contentment.

"There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit.
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music strain.
Seldom it comes, to few, from heaven sent—
That much in little, all in naught—content."

Christ alone can perfectly satisfy the hungry soul. This contentment does not imply idleness or a lack of aspiration. The one who has trusted his life to God has aspirations and one of the reasons why he is joyful is because he has a work to do.

We hear it said that the laboring class of people are happiest, because they are not worried with the managing of a great establishment or with the care of large sums of money. All they have to do is to perform their simple little part and they know that all oversight and cares are trusted to the proprietor. They never think of becoming discouraged because more plows or wagons are not turned out in a day. What they must do is obey their orders to work. In this respect Christians are like the laboring class of people. They have a work given them to do, the oversight and results of which belong to God himself. He does not want them to worry, or become discouraged, or even be concerned with the results. What he asks is, "Go and do" and He will take care of the rest. Dr. Chapman says, "Some one has said that a Christian should spell disappointment with an 'h' in place of the 'd,' and make it his appointment. We can rest content whatever befalls us when we see, that, 'Behind the dim unknown, standeth God, within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.'"

Another reason why Christians may rejoice